|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| TWO roads diverged in a yellow wood, |  |
| And sorry I could not travel both |  |
| And be one traveler, long I stood |  |
| And looked down one as far as I could |  |
| To where it bent in the undergrowth; | *5* |
|  |  |
| Then took the other, as just as fair, |  |
| And having perhaps the better claim, |  |
| Because it was grassy and wanted wear; |  |
| Though as for that the passing there |  |
| Had worn them really about the same, | *10* |
|  |  |
| And both that morning equally lay |  |
| In leaves no step had trodden black. |  |
| Oh, I kept the first for another day! |  |
| Yet knowing how way leads on to way, |  |
| I doubted if I should ever come back. | *15* |
|  |  |
| I shall be telling this with a sigh |  |
| Somewhere ages and ages hence: |  |
| Two roads diverged in a wood, and I— |  |
| I took the one less traveled by, |  |
| And that has made all the difference. | *20* |

**The Road Not Taken**

Notes: